

A
P O E M.

Occasioned by the

MILITIA BILL,

NOW DEPENDING.

Addressed to the

LADIES of *GREAT BRITAIN*.

Written by a GENTLEWOMAN,
AUTHOR of the ELEGY on the Bishop of *Sodor and Man*.

*Fond of that Freedom which the Brave admire,
They show the Hero's, and the Patriot's Fire;
In Virtue rigid, and of Soul so great,
They scorn even Life, to save the dying State.*

L O N D O N :

Printed for M. COOPER, in *Pater-noster-Row*; C. HENDERSON, at the
Royal Exchange; and B. TOVEY, in *Westminster Hall*.

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LADIES OF GREAT BRITAIN

Written by a GENTLE WOMAN
Author of the HISTORY of the Bishop of Exeter and Wales

Printed by J. W. P. O. N.
at the

MINDFUL



A
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Occasioned by the

MILITIA BILL,
NOW DEPENDING.



ARK! how the Clarions sound their loud Alarms;
Behold *Britannia's* Sons in shining Arms;
See where they march with solemn Martial Pace,
Intrepid Valour glows in ev'ry Face;
As thro' the crouded Streets they pass along,
What Whispers murmur from the Female Throng;
Their joyful Accents 'midst the Concourse run,
At Sight of Father, Brother, Spouse, or Son:
But ah! what Pen the Raptures can discover,
Of her who in the Rank espies her Lover;
Involuntary Blushes deck her Face,
And add to ev'ry native Charm, a Grace;

The

The enamoured Swain (who soon the Nymph descries)
 Catches the Light'ning darted from her Eyes ;
 With Countenance erect, and Heart elate,
 His ev'ry Pulse to Love and Glory beat.
 True *British* Beauty, *British* Valour arms,
 While brisk Monfieurs inspired with painted Charms ;
 And sure the Hero's Courage must be huge,
 That's animated by the best — *Du Rouge*.

BUT now the stately Cavalcades advance,
 To the shrill Trumpets Sound the Horses prance ;
 Each valiant Son in future Fame shall share,
 But most the MERCHANT is the Muse's Care ;
 The MERCHANTS ! see they come ! Ladies behold !
 The Men who make us rich with foreign Gold ;
 These god-like Men, to whose industrious Care
 You owe the Gem that sparkles in your Ear ;
 By their advent'rous Search in savage Lands,
 The Brilliant brightens on your snowy Hands ;
 They bring the Ruby, whose rich Crimson dye,
 Gives brighter Lustre to the brightest Eye ;
 Whence comes the *Indian* Plant, or *China* Jar,
 Ev'n *Pug* and *Poll*, the Fav'rites of the Fair ;

Is't

Is't not the Merchant's well directed Helms,
That guide them hither from remotest Realms ?

WHAT Conquest could you hope at Ball or Play,
Drest up in Bonelace, Quoifs, and home-spun Gray ?
How would the Beaux distinguish Orange Doxies,
From the gay Belle that sparkles in the Boxes ?
For tho' your Worth superior Charms confess,
A Beau no Merit knows but that of Drefs ;
The finest Shape, the most seraphick Face,
For ever would by them unheeded pass,
Without the rich Brocade and *Flanders* Lace,
How would your Empire o'er Mankind decline,
Were not their Hearts inspired with gen'rous Wine ?
Alas, what Man would care to name his Toast,
If dear *Champaign* and *Burgundy* were lost !

WHY dwells the invidious Muse upon so few,
Of various Blessings which to them are due ?
Both Lives and Fortunes daily they expose,
To Winds and Waves inexorable Foes ;
Beneath the Line, or toward the rigid Coast,
Where Nature binds the Year in Chains of Frost ;
Where the fang'd Boar in fearful Triumph feeds,
And to still wilder Wastes the Forest leads ;

Parts, where no Traveller's Track is seen, nor found
 Of Horse re-ecchoes from th' untrampled Ground;
 Nor floating Swallow cuts the yielding Air,
 Nor chatt'ring Wren bespeaks a Cottage near;
 Where Vipers creep, where none but Boreas blows,
 Where the numb'd Water jellies as it flows;
 Thither the devious Paths devoid of Fear,
 With indefatigable Pains they steer.

WHAT e'er is to our colder Clime deny'd,
 By them is most abundantly supply'd;
 Whilst we at Home enjoy the gen'rous Toil,
 And reap the Harvests of a foreign Soil:
 Our Foes the Olive press, and tread the Vine,
 We use the Oil, and quaff the purple Wine:
 For us the *Nile* and *Ganges* ebb and flow,
 And on our Side-boards both the *Indies* glow.
 Alas! what pity, Ill's infernal Race,
 Should e'er have Pow'r to taint so blest a Place.

IN ending Wars 'tween Subjects and their Kings,
 Great Things are saved, by losing little Things:
 Yet querimonious Mutineers reply,
Culprit was wrong'd, and did not fairly die.

The Thought's absurd, and foolish the Mistake,
 Where Precedents are wanting, we should make —
 Who without Spleen can see yon courtly Hunk,
 Dragg'd in his Coach to see his midnight Punk;
 Whose Clod-pate's stil'd with Titles *Duke* or *Peer*,
 Whose Harvest yields such Thousands ev'ry Year;
 Whose Cares, not for his Country's Sake depends,
 His only Care is, how to serve his Ends.
 A mighty pretty, Something, Nothing, Tool,
 To bear Command, and by Command have Rule.
 In Morals, Phiz, and Cunning, like his Brother,
 As one Tobacco-pipe is like another.
 Would but some few a Consultation call,
 And, like old *Judas*, by their own Hands fall;
 Who for Rebellion's Works are only fit,
 In all the Arts of Villainy compleat;
 At whose Command still lurking Faction wait,
 That curs'd inhuman Viper in a State;
 We'd bless the Men their Country died to save,
 And quite forget the Names of Rogue and Knave:
 Oh! for a Gibbet, as high as that of *Hammon*,
 To cancel old scone'd Debts for *Port* and *Salmon*.
 Should *Kate* refuse his Office to each Monster,
 I'd noose 'em up as sure as God's in *Gloster*.

A NOBLER Theme bespeaks the Muse's Care,
 Presenting *Briton's* Glory to the Fair :
 Is there ought else that can enhance their Fame ?
 Can ought be added to a Patriot's Name ?
 Yes, Ladies, these their Ancestors outdo,
 Not only Patriots but Heroes too.
 Sure grateful Ardour ev'ry Bosom warms,
 To see our Benefactors take up Arms ;
 Those Men who round us Happiness dispense,
 Now brandish th' awful Sword in its Defence :
 Go on brave Souls, may you successful prove,
 At Home, Abroad, in Traffick, War, and Love :
 And you, bright Nymphs, do Justice to your Charms,
 Each take a TRADING HERO to her Arms.

F I N I S.